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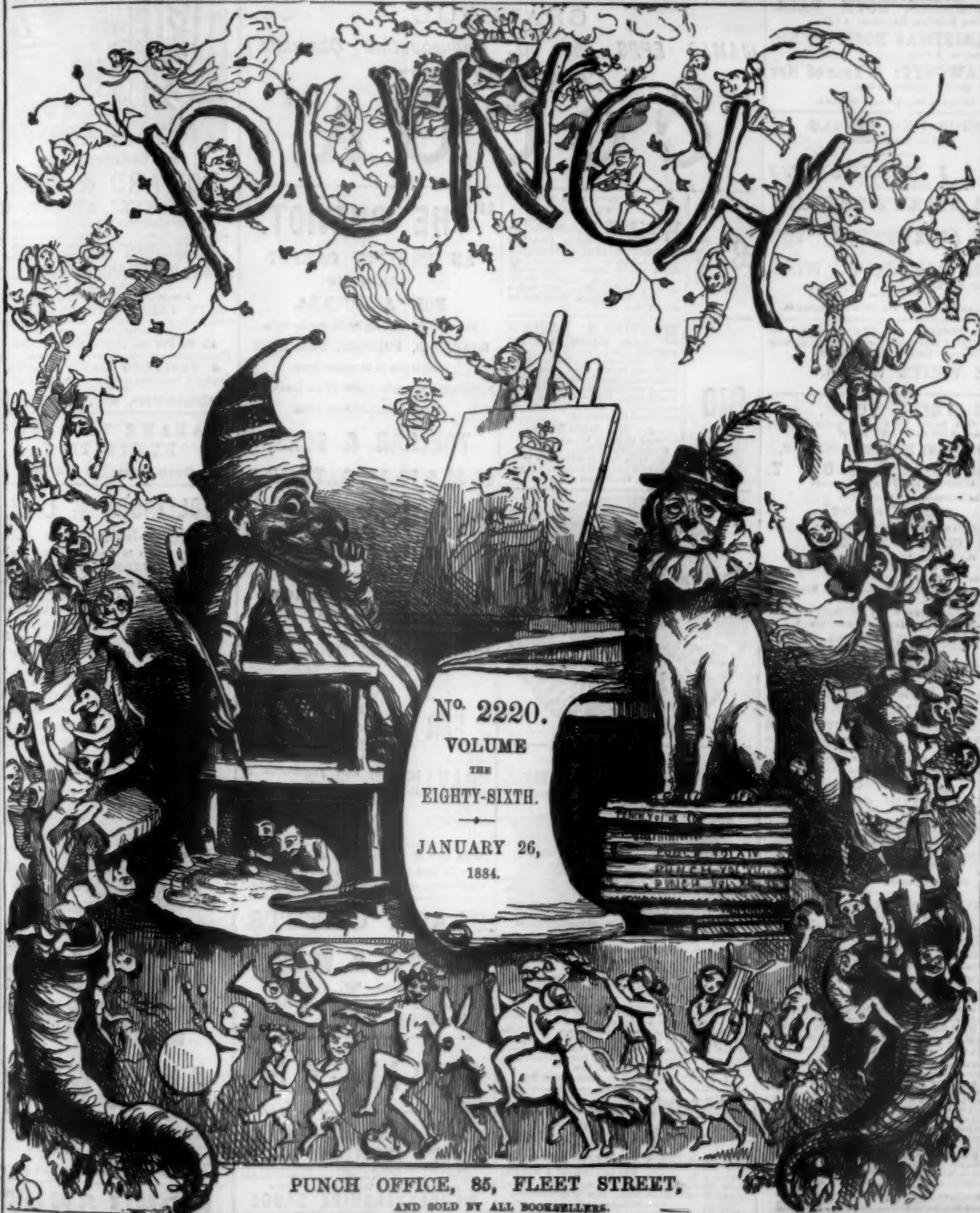
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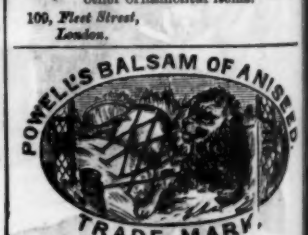
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No III.—THE IMPORTANT CHIEF CLERK.



N TAKING his usual seat below the Magisterial bench, Mr. BIGLEY MAGNUS, the Chief Clerk, addressing the Usher, asked whether the learned Magistrate had yet arrived?

Usher. He had not arrived a moment ago, Sir.

Mr. Bigley Magnus (the Chief Clerk). Then I can only say it is a disgraceful waste of time. It is now four minutes past the hour, and if I, who have to come all the way from Dalston, can manage to be punctual, surely it is equally possible for the Magistrate, who lives in Mayfair, to be in time.

Usher. It's not my fault, Sir—

Mr. Bigley Magnus (the Chief Clerk, angrily). Hold your tongue.

The conduct of this Court is disgraceful, and ought to be noticed by the Press. Where are the Reporters?

Usher. I don't know, Sir. We've nothing to do with the Reporters.

Mr. Bigley Magnus (the Chief Clerk). Hold your tongue, Sir. How dare you contradict me? One can't, however, expect the Reporters to be punctual if such a bad example is set them by the Magistrate.

At five minutes past ten the learned Magistrate took his seat upon the bench.

JOHN DONOVAN, labourer, was charged with assaulting PATRICK MURPHY. MURPHY, whose head was entirely bandaged, deposed that at ten o'clock at night he was walking along the Euston Road—

Mr. Bigley Magnus (the Chief Clerk). Which side?

Witness (mistaking Mr. Bigley Magnus, the Chief Clerk, for the learned Magistrate). The other side, your Worship.

Mr. Bigley Magnus (the Chief Clerk). Wrong district. Remove the Prisoner. *(To Witness.)* You must prefer your charge at Marylebone Police Court.

Witness. I prefer it here, your Worship.

Mr. Bigley Magnus (the Chief Clerk—to Gaoler). Do as I tell you, please. *(To Witness.)* Leave the box—go to Marylebone. Call on next case.

The Learned Magistrate. One moment, please. I don't want to interrupt the proceedings more than necessary, but the Witness only said he was walking on the other side of Euston Road. I don't suggest otherwise; but, as it may transpire that the actual assault eventually took place this side of the road, I think it desirable that we should hear all the Witness has to say. Being the Magistrate, I have taken the liberty of offering my opinion upon the matter.

Mr. Bigley Magnus (the Chief Clerk—to Gaoler). Bring the Prisoner back. My sole object was, if possible, to save the public time.

The Witness, PATRICK MURPHY, then proceeded with his evidence. He said:—I was walking along, your Honour, when suddenly I was struck a fearful blow, your Worship.

Mr. Bigley Magnus (the Chief Clerk). Now, that is the point. Were you struck the other side?

Witness. No, your Honour—this side.

Mr. Bigley Magnus (the Chief Clerk). Do you mean to say you were struck this side of the road?

Witness. No, your Honour. I was struck this side of the head? *(Laughter in Court.)*

Mr. Bigley Magnus (the Chief Clerk). If there is any further attempt at laughter, the Court shall be cleared. *(To the Magistrate.)* You see, Sir, you have no jurisdiction—the assault occurred the other side of the road. *(To Gaoler.)* Remove the Prisoner. *(To Witness.)* Go to Marylebone.

The Learned Magistrate. One moment, please. I have evidently



The Beak.

miserable the Witness. I heard nothing about his being struck the other side of the road. *(To Witness.)* Please to inform me—I am the Magistrate—in what particular position were you when you were struck?

Witness (confused). I was struck all of a heap. *Mr. Bigley Magnus (the Chief Clerk, violently).* But where? What spot?

Witness. In the middle, your Worship.

Mr. Bigley Magnus (the Chief Clerk). Middle of what?

Witness. Middle of the road, of course.

The Learned Magistrate. Were you assaulted on this side of the Euston Road—if I may be allowed to ask a question?

Witness. No, Sir; he only kicked me this side of the road.

The Learned Magistrate. This is certainly an awkward question of jurisdiction. The Witness first was assaulted the other side of the road, which belongs to Marylebone district; then in the middle, which belongs, I presume, to both; and, lastly, this side of the road, which, of course, is in our district. I will retire, and consult my colleague on the point.

The learned Magistrate then left, and, on his return, in twenty minutes' time, said that his learned colleague, whom he had consulted, concurred in the opinion that the case could be dealt with in the present Court.



In Guitar Attitude—Harping on One String.

Mr. Bigley Magnus (the Chief Clerk). I know, Sir. I looked out the Jurisdiction Act, and discovered that immediately after you left, and so I remanded the Prisoner for a week.

The Learned Magistrate. You remanded him?

Mr. Bigley Magnus (the Chief Clerk). Yes, Sir. I thought it would save public time. With regard to the case of FRANCIS PUMPLECHUCK, charged, on remand, with embezzlement, the Prisoner pleaded "Guilty."

The Learned Magistrate. When?

Mr. Bigley Magnus (the Chief Clerk). While you were engaged in consultation upstairs, Sir; and, to save you a deal of trouble, and the Public a deal of time, I gave him six months.



Doing Things by Halves.



ANNALS OF A QUIET WATERING-PLACE.

Lady Visitor. "OH, THAT'S YOUR VICAR, IS IT? WHAT SORT OF VICAR IS HE?"

Lady Resident. "OH, WELL, MIDDLING! HIGH CHURCH DURING THE SEASON, YOU KNOW, AND LOW ALL THE REST OF THE YEAR!"

NOT SO WHITE AS HE'S PAINTED!

(Fly-leaf from an Elephant's Diary.)

NEARING the Zoo at last! Thank goodness! Not bad conveyance, though. Seems to be a huge trunk on wheels, and is nice and roomy. Still, it doesn't quite come up to my idea of the "Sacred Moveable Temple" in which BARNUM's Agent, ratifying his oath with the lighting of the mystic fire, and a payment of five hundred dollars down on account, assured His Majesty I should accomplish my holy pilgrimage. Perhaps there's something symbolic in the word "Hudson" on the side. Perhaps this old dressing-gown I've got on is part of a religious ceremony. Shouldn't wonder. Anyhow, it's great fun being a "sacred beast." Still, it is strange they should want to drag me over here. A little boy has just looked through a chink, and shouted, "O my! ain't he black neither!" I'll ask the High Priest who has come with me as a steerage passenger, what this means. Tells me to "mind my own business, and be quiet before BARTLETT." Don't like his manner—a deal too mysterious. Something's up—that's certain. But what? *Mem.*—Try and think it out.

Come, this isn't half bad! Capital apartment, lined with green baize. Sort of "green room," in fact. Quite suggestive. Half inclined to take a nap, but can't on account of row outside. Listen. Voices in altercation. Listen again. Come—that is funny! Somebody seems very angry, because I'm not "white"! What a joke! Fancy a White Elephant! Why—whoever heard of such a thing? Yet they seem to be getting to high words about it. Yes—surely that's BARTLETT calling the High Priest "a swindling old nigger." This seems to have put everybody in a good temper again, for they are all laughing heartily. Catch random suggestions. Somebody wants to whitewash me. Somebody else says, "It will come off, and make him look worse than ever." I fancy the Secretary is trying to get me painted with white lead, and picked out with ver-

ST. GILES'S TO ST. JAMES'S.

YES! I plays a little fairy
In the Panto. at the "Lane,"
And my togs is somewhat airy
(But that's not where I complain),
And I don't complain of waiting
About them ice-cold wings,
Nor of getting lots of "slating,"
Nor of swearing and such things;
For they're what we all got used to
And must bear 'em with a grin;
We are all of us abused too,
But we never care a pin.
Now what I wants to state is
(In my not School-Boardish way),
And, what me and my mate is
Resolved too's not fair play:—
We can see you,—you and others
(Don't we envy ev'ry one?)—
With you fathers and your mothers,
A-laughing at our fun,
And we says, "There's young St. James's
A-laughing at St. Giles."
And the more our jokes and games is,
The more you laughs and smiles.
So we want you to remember
That we're not a lot of things
Who are born here each December
In some tights and pairs of wings:
We are kids, but we are trying
Just to make a bob or two,—
We are working when you're crying,
And have nothing else to do.
We have fathers and have mothers,
And it's nice for us to know
That we save them cares and bothers
By earning what they owe.
And, if our eyes are weary,
And we tired look at night,
And we can't be gay and cheery,
Just you think we're weak and alight;
Just think we're 'mong the many
Who must labour for the few;
Just believe we earn our penny,
And not spend the pound you do,
But believe (if you trust any)
That we're children just like you!

million, like a Christmas Clown. This annoys the High Priest, who says Buddha wouldn't stand it, and he has called Mr. BARTLETT a "twangialloun"; but as there is no interpreter handy, the latter has simply retorted, "You're another!" Wish they would settle something without quarrelling. Fresh free-fight—evidently about me. All I can catch now is, "Then, wash him yourself." What will they be up to next? Sending for somebody, are they? Bother the lot!

Matters clearing. The "Somebody" has arrived, and is introduced, with much ceremony. Quite a charming person, with a large packet, which he presents to me, and wants me to sign something, and politely leaves a form for purpose. Open packet with High Priest. Contains twenty pounds of something very nice and transparent, done up in small oval tablets. We eat six each. Excellent! Ha! here's BARTLETT, with twenty attendants, scrubbing-brushes, mops, Hippopotamus sponge, and hot water. Offer him one oval tablet. Says it's a celebrated soap. Dear me!

Over now!—every bit of it used; but a precious time I've had of it! Such a lather! Still, the result is wonderful. I'm not white, but I certainly have come out fresh and pinky to an extent that quite startles me; and even the High Priest said "he wouldn't have known me," and is in constant fits of laughter. I have signed the recommendation form of that soap at once. Here it is, for the benefit of the proprietors:—

"I have used nothing else for ten minutes, and consider it matchless for the trunk and complexion." "TOUNG."

Installed. Ha! here come the British public in shoals. I suppose these are the devout daily "worshippers" guaranteed by BARNUM's agreement with the Governor at home! Judging from their remarks, I don't call them reverent: but, bless you, what's that, as long as they'll only keep up those buns. Talk of Burmah after this? Gammon! Toun, my boy, you're having a time of it. So's the High Priest. Three cheers for both of us!



"HI, MISTER!" "WELL, WHAT IS IT?" "I SAY, ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE US A PANTOMIME THIS YEAR OR NOT? IT WERE MAIN GOOD LAST YEAR!" "PANTOMIME! WHAT DO YOU MEAN?" "MEAN? WHY, DON'T YOU BELONG TO THE CIRCUS CHAPS AS IS JUST GONE ON [The Circus has preceded him on the road.]

"ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE"

In Bond Street.

SHOULD anyone find himself, on one of these gloomy January afternoons, wandering in rather low spirits among the excellent collection of the great Sir JOSHUA'S Works now on view at the Grosvenor Gallery, let him take heart, and turn to the Catalogue. Whether it is that Mr. F. G. STEPHENS, the accomplished Gentleman who has contributed the historical and "illustrative" Notes to that publication, has either had a special eye to brightening up a melancholy half-hour or so, or has been in a great hurry over the correction of his proofs, it is difficult to say; but the fact remains, that in the letter-press for which he is responsible he has provided some very subtle conundrums. In his commentary on No. 5, a three-quarter length portrait of Sir JOSHUA himself in his Academic dress, he insinuates that there is something so speaking about the likeness of the President, that the very attire in which he is arrayed, is positively communicative. "The Red Gown," he says, alluding to Sir JOSHUA'S trappings, "refers to REYNOLDS'S costume of D.C.L.," though he does not explain in what terms the official robe expresses itself.

It is to be hoped, however, it conveys its meaning a little more lucidly than does Mr. STEPHENS himself, continuing his allusion to the picture, a few lines further on. *See.*

"A version, in a similar costume, of this picture are in the Florence Gallery of celebrated painters' portraits, presented by Sir JOSHUA to be placed in the great collection of portraits there, on his admission to the Academy there. The Duke of BUTLAND has a third picture in a similar costume."

"This portrait was exhibited at the British Institution in 1813, when the governors of that society formed their first collection of pictures by old and deceased modern masters, and inaugurated the series with a body of the works of Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, 143 in all, which, until the present exhibition was formed, was the most numerous aggregate of the kind. It was not included in the next considerable collection of REYNOLDS'S, that which was made at the British Institution in 1823. It was in the same place in 1843."

Passing by "old and deceased modern masters," who, by the way, must have been a rather ghastly set of celebrities, Mr. STEPHENS scores again over No. 42, described as "A Negro, said to be Frank Barber, Dr. Johnson's black servant," thus:—

"It was he who received Miss MORRIS, who sat for 'Hope nursing Love,' by REYNOLDS, when she called on the Doctor, and, finding him on the point of death, heard his last words when he turned his face to the wall, saying, 'God bless you, my dear!'"

This is very quaintly confusing, though perhaps less so than another reference to the Doctor, made under picture 119 further on, which runs as follows:—

"In BOSWELL'S account of his tour with Dr. JOHNSON in the Hebrides, 1773, is, with much other matter concerning the Earl, an interesting notice of a visit to Slains Castle, Aberdeen, and the reception of his friends by the Earl of ERROLL and his Countess (ISABELLA, born CARR of Etal, Northumberland) in that ancient feudal residence, with particular reference to this painting, which hung in the drawing-room when the pair went there to take coffee after dinner."

Here Mr. STEPHENS is almost at his best. How can "1773, with much other matter concerning the Earl," be an interesting notice of a visit to Slains Castle? This is a regular poser. Who, too, are "the pair"? The Earl of ERROLL and his Countess ISABELLA? or the Earl and one of his anonymous friends? or the ancient feudal residence and the painting? But, then—"Coffee after dinner"? It is really a most pleasing enigma!

But lack of space prevents a further quotation from this excellent and playful Catalogue. Those, however, who desire to see a specimen of artistic English, "as she can be wrote"—should lose no time in purchasing a copy; for, as the words "Under Revision" are printed on the cover, and Mr. F. G. STEPHENS'S name is followed by the encouraging legend, "In Progress," it is reasonable to assume that a revised edition is already on its way.

To Turtle-Mockers.

ARDENT reformers who speak disrespectfully of the LORD MAYOR, and say rude things concerning the Corporation, talk somewhat rashly of "making a clean sweep" of all the fine old Civic institutions. "Making a clean sweep" is somewhat analogous to washing a blackamoor white—a proverbially difficult operation, and notoriously unsatisfactory when accomplished.

A STARRING SOCIALIST.—The Georgium Sidus.

LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE

ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS.

1. To Mr. Harry Paulton. 2. To M. Jacobi. 3. To Mr. Bancroft.

1. To Mr. Harry Paulton, at the Avenue.

MY DEAR PAULTON,

YOU are playing in *Falka*, and cannot get about, so I hasten to relieve your anxiety as to the success of *Princess Ida* and GEORGE GROSSMITH at the Savoy.

Well, I went there the other night—not the first night, but when it had been working for ten days or so—and I found (tell your Manager HENDERSON this, as I am sure he'll be only too pleased) the house crammed. In the third row of the Stalls I saw our old friend Lord HOUGHTON, who, before even the first note of the overture was sounded, had already assumed the black cap, associated in my legal mind with sentence of condemnation on the unlucky culprits, and passing the extreme sentence of the law. Such a display of bias on the part of a public man, considered I believe as a good judge, I have rarely seen.

I was not so near his Lordship as to be able to catch the exact terms of the judicial sentence, but it must have been something like, "Oh, you go and be hung!"—addressed to Author, Composer, Manager, and all the company,—which would be quite sufficient to account for the admirable way in which the operatic extravaganza was subsequently executed.

Now, what you are so eager about is to learn whether our excellent and amusing GEORGE GROSSMITH has a good part or not, and how he plays it, whatever it is. Well, candidly, it is a good part as far as it goes; but as it only consists of a good entrance, one capital song, and a few telling lines in the Prologue, nothing at all in the Second Act, and a bit in the Third, when he seems to be dragged on because "we must have GEORGE again with another song" (not equal to the first) and no action, no business, no situation whatever,—you will see the part does not go very far, and, having told you this, I am sure you will thoroughly sympathise with an audience who come "for the fun of the thing," and who don't get it at the Savoy in *Princess Ida*, because they see next to nothing of the only person on that Stage capable of raising a laugh. A friend of mine told me he thought GEORGE GROSSMITH "Robsonian," and I am sure, my dear PAULTON, that you will agree with me in saying that GEORGE is no more "Robsonian" than you are.

Nobody else is funny *per se*. There are three men in armour—the two gendarmes in *Genevieve*, with one added—whose combined force in the Bouncerian Rataplan style is at first amusing. I suppose Sir ARTHUR is bound to put in something of this sort now, as he has a Handel to his name. Their best time, however, is in the situation before their fight in the last Act, when they take off their armour bit by bit, and prepare to fight in their shirt-sleeves, as the Lifeguardsman told the King that he should like to do if Waterloo came over again. The best *jeu de mot* in the piece is where *Ida* tells the old woman who could not say "Amen" that "are men" stuck in her throat.

The Scenery—but this won't interest you so much—is perfect, simply perfect; the costumes of the first and second Acts charming; but not so those of the Prologue. There should be no faults at the Savoy, where time and money are no object, and Author, Composer, and Manager have only to attend to the getting up of one piece in every eighteen months or so. You are a good Stage Manager, and your friend Mr. FARNIE used to be, and can be now if he likes, I daresay, where crowds in action have to be dealt with, and both you and he will be deeply grieved to hear that there is a meaningless monotony about the action of everyone in *Princess Ida* which is irritatingly wearisome.

Have you ever heard and seen GEORGE GROSSMITH do his "drama on crutches?" Of course you have. Do you remember his imitation of the Gilbert-Sullivan Opera with the action of the chorus of girls? Well, in *Princess Ida* it is all this. The girls—nay, even the three men when dressed up as girls—are either bobbing and curtsying or extending their hands beseechingly, or, if grouped, the most striking *tableau* is obtained by a repetition of the decidedly ungainly postures adopted in *Patience*, and the audience is shown a

row of girls lying prone, for no reason whatever that I could see, except that of exhibiting their rich students' gowns to what had



Strikingly Graceful Attitude of the Girl-Graduates.

evidently been considered the greatest possible advantage. Now, Mr. GILBERT, with all his resources, could have managed far better than this, had he chosen to do so, just as he has written in the

dialogue portion of it, a better *libretto* to *Princess Ida* than he did to *Iolanthe*, only the song-words (excepting the one for GEORGE GROSSMITH, which is simply first-rate) are not a patch upon those in *Pinafore* or *Patience*, while there is something uncommonly like repetition of idea in the "*Ape and the Lady*," which recalls "*The Silver Churn*," while the duet between Miss JESSIE BOND (always sprightly and graceful) and the stately Miss BRANDRAM, recalls the duet in *Iolanthe* between Miss BRAHAM and Mr. TEMPLE—only, in both cases, to the disadvantage of *Princess Ida*. If you had had to do the *libretto*, and had had to act in the piece as well, I feel sure you would have made GEORGE GROSSMITH one of the brothers who disguise themselves as women, and would have written up *King Gama* for yourself, or *vice versa*.

And you would have taken precious good care to have been on in the Second Act, and to have had your share of the fun. For, honestly, though it is all pretty and nice and smooth, with quaint conceits, and a fair amount of dry humour (after your own heart, my dear PAULTON), yet there is a lack of fun.

The Chorus-Girls sing and dance as well as any Chorus-Girls



Barnett Fair conspicuous by absence—not a Hoarse Fair we hope.



The Performing "Gee-Gee" (George Grossmith).



Author, Composer, and "the harmless necessary Carte."—Shakespeare.

(generally contemptuously described by Critics as "logged in," at other Theatres) at the Avenue, Alhambra, Comedy, or Gaiety—neither better nor worse; though the choruses are musically stronger

than those at the first and last-named Theatres. The Principals have a fairish dance during, and at the end of every song, for all the world, as in an ordinary Burlesque, only that the dancing is not so good, and a few lessons from Miss KATE VAUGHAN, Miss NELLIE FARREN, and one or two others I could mention, would improve them. In fact, I was moved to laughter, rather, by their attempts at dancing than by any really well-executed comic steps.

I am sure that the Public, after the first curiosity is satisfied, will grumble at not having enough of "Gee-Gee" (my amusing way of naming GEORGE GROSSMITH, you see—and a Carte can't go on without a gee-gee or a donkey, eh?); but if you can chuck up whatever you're doing now, and come to the Savoy to play *King Gama*, and get your friends GILBERT and SULLIVAN to write up one of the brothers for GEORGE GROSSMITH, with a good song in addition to the present one about the "disagreeable Man," which can be easily transferred, and plenty of comic business, there will then be no reason why the piece shouldn't run for several years,—“for a score,” as Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN would say, if you didn't say it first,—but that wouldn't prevent him, as he'd re-set it, and give it such a turn as would give you such a turn when you heard it again. How's *Falka*?

Yours ever, NIBBS.

2. To Mons. Jacobi, at the Avenue.

CHEER JACOB!

You cannot get away to hear SULLIVAN's music in *Ida*, which you must not confuse with *Aida*. Well—you, as a thorough musician, would be immensely pleased with it from a purely musical point of view, but, as a popular Dramatic Composer and Director, you will be sorry that there are not as many "catchy" tunes in it as there were in *Pinafore*, or even in *Iolanthe*.

As to the Orchestra, no one will be more delighted than yourself to see how well it is kept under, how the singers are allowed a chance, and how the audience's ears are spared the soothing but too frequent booming of the drum, the inspiring but deafening clanging of the cymbals, and the heart-stirring but head-splitting harmonies performed by the united brass in full blow! The performance of such an Orchestra would delight you. You will be also sorry to hear that, as I am informed, *The Golden Ring* is to be taken off the Alhambra boards at Easter. Anything going wrong at your old Alhambra home must be a source of deep trouble to your tender artistic sympathies.

Tout à vous, NIBBS.

3. To Mr. Bancroft, at the Haymarket.

DEAR BANCROFT,

I HAVEN'T time to tell you more than that BRUCE's Theatre, the Prince's, is open. Quite a near neighbour—just round the corner—so do look in. You will be delighted to find how wonderfully theatrical architecture has improved since you re-constructed the Haymarket. Such a smoking-room! Staircase quite a game of marbles! But I will give you a full description about it on another occasion. House brilliant—piece dull. Miss TILBURY made the hit—decidedly TILBURY forte.

Yours, NIBBS.

THE NOTE-BOOK OF A DETECTIVE JOURNALIST.

UNRAVELLING THE EGYPTIAN QUESTION.

PART II.—(Conclusion.)

It was a proud moment!

I had actually, assisted by my clever disguise as the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, obtained admission to the room of the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief at the Horse Guards. I was alone in the apartment. On my manly form was the composite uniform that had been kindly provided for me by the Bow Street Theatrical Costumier, and in my right hand I held the telephone which had put me into direct communication with Mr. GLADSTONE, President of a Cabinet Council being held in Downing Street.

I listened. There was a roar of laughter. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had made a joke. He had convulsed his colleagues with a Vestry side-splitter.

"Are you still there, your Royal Highness?" asked Mr. GLADSTONE through the telephone. Then, on my answering in the affirmative, he continued: "We have been chatting over the Egyptian difficulty. We none of us quite know what to do. Lord NORTHBROOK has suggested that we might send out a force of Marines under the command of His Royal Highness the Duke of EDINBURGH, who, your Royal Highness will recollect, is Colonel of the Regiment. We thought, Sir, that you might be able to say whether your illustrious relative would like such a post."

"I am sure that, were His Royal Highness to be appointed to the command, he would make it a stipulation, before accepting it, that he should receive no pecuniary benefit by the transaction."

I said this, as I wished to show Mr. GLADSTONE that naturally, as the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, I knew the leading characteristics of the various members of the Royal Family.

"Certainly," replied the PREMIER through the telephone. "Cer-

tainly. But that is a matter that the Illustrious Duke may safely leave in the hands of the Lords of the Admiralty, by whom His Royal Highness's appointments to the command of the Reserves and the Channel Fleet were arranged. All I would say now is"—

I allowed the telephone to drop! I was transfixed with surprise, horror, confusion! I had been so engrossed in the remarks of the PREMIER that I had failed to notice the entrance into the room of a Gentleman of a decided Military appearance.

"Will you be good enough to explain to me," said the newcomer, in a grave gentle voice, which was absolutely free from excitement, "why you have taken possession of my room?"

I saw that there was only one thing to do—brazen it out.

"Your room!" I exclaimed. "I like that! Why, Sir, are you aware that you are addressing His Royal Highness the Duke of CAMBRIDGE?"

"I really think you are labouring under a mistake," responded the Gentleman of Military appearance, with polished politeness. "The more so, as in point of fact, I happen to be the Duke of CAMBRIDGE myself."

"Sir, you are an impostor!" I cried, with well-assumed anger, although my dominant feeling at the moment was rather shame than rage.

"I think not," returned His Royal Highness, calmly. "But if you will permit me, I will put the matter in dispute to a very simple test. Allow me." And the Duke stretched forward, and rang the bell.

In a few moments a Messenger appeared in obedience to the summons.

"Be kind enough to show this Gentleman the door," said the Duke, with a courteous bow of dismissal.

"You will see this person out," I exclaimed in my turn, haughtily.

The poor Messenger looked from one of us to the other, in much perplexity. Before he could make up his mind, the Hero of Tel-el-Kebir (I knew him at once, from having seen so many of his photographs in the shop-windows) entered the apartment. In turn we both appealed to him.

"My dear Lord," said His Royal Highness, "you surely recognise me?"

"GARNET, my man, if you have any doubt about me, send for HARRY ROBERTS."

"You speak with undue familiarity," observed Lord WOLSELEY, turning upon me, sharply; "that is not a characteristic of the Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief."

"Hang me!" I blustered.

"And you swear!" almost shrieked the Hero, aghast at the outrage. "And you dare to pretend that you are the Duke of CAMBRIDGE! You are arrested!"

In a moment I was seized by a number of Privates in the Guards, who until now had been comfortably warming themselves before a fire, and doing nothing in particular in the entrance hall. Meanwhile, His Royal Highness held his fingers to his ears, for fear that I should indulge in further strong language. I assured him, in the deaf-and-dumb alphabet, that I would for the future keep a bridle upon my tongue.

"What shall we do with him?" asked the Duke. "Have you anything to say for yourself, Sir?"

"I am merely a Journalist in pursuit of my vocation," I answered, respectfully, but proudly.

"As I have explained in my *Soldier's Pocket-Book*," observed Lord WOLSELEY, "I should like to shoot all Correspondents en masse."

"Let us see if we can get anything out of the *Queen's Regulations*," said His Royal Highness, consulting a book bound in red, and having a brass clasp. "I suppose we ought to find him under 'Spy'?"

And the two greatest warriors of this age, or, indeed, any other, consulted for hours as to my fate. At length they came to a conclusion.

"Prisoner," said Lord WOLSELEY, "we have had it in contemplation to try you by Drum-head Court-Martial, under the Articles of War, when, no doubt, you would have speedily found yourself before a half-Company of Infantry with loaded rifles. But, considering that, in spite of your Tom Fool's dress, you are merely a Civilian, we have decided that you shall be removed from the premises—"

"By a Policeman," interrupted the Duke, "after promising never again to say naughty words—"

"And accepting membership in the Vine Club."

The last pledge was demanded by Lord WOLSELEY.

I gave the required assurances, and ten minutes later was on my way to the office of my newspaper.

"I CANNOT understand," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "all this fuss about Harbours of Refuse. Why can't they let the refuse float away out to sea? What do they want to harbour it for?"



MUSIC AT HOME.

He. "ER—'M AWF'LY FOND OF MUSIC—AIN'T YOU? NOT THIS SORT OF THING, YOU KNOW. CAN'T STAND THE DRAWING-ROOM AMATEUR—NEVAH COULD. SORRY TO SAY 'VE NOT BEEN TO HEAR MADAME SCHUMACKER THIS YEAR. NEVAH HAD TIME. TOLD SHE'S IN SPLENDID FORM. LIKE HER PLAYING AWF'LY—SHOULD KNOW HER TOUCH A MILE OFF. DYING TO HEAR HER—"

She. "SO AM I—AND IF YOU WOULD ONLY BE SO VERY KIND AS JUST TO HOLD YOUR TONGUE, I DARE SAY WE MIGHT BOTH MANAGE TO HEAR HER NOW!"

[Madame S. has been playing for the last Ten Minutes!]

THE OLD STORY.

With a new Application.

Who crieth "Wolf!"? Hot anger or cold derision
His cry will wake
From zealot hearty whose faith in optimist vision
No shock will shake,
From greed astute of the spider-soul which spreadeth
Its web unspied.
A Wolf? That earnest creature who gravely treadeth
Poor Toil beside,
With preacher-unction and prophet-sternness telling
The tales of hope,
On wealth and weal with specious reasoning dwelling,
And sounding trope?
No, no, 'tis selfish Privilege, proud Possession,
That thus malign
An honest gentleman. Every soft impression,
Each feeling fine
Finds home within him whose heart is just a storehouse
Of pure humanity,
Whose sympathy ranges freely from throne to poorhouse.
That grave urbanity,
No little lupine weaknesses can surely cover;
Serene he stands,
The proletariat's sole unselfish lover,
In all the lands.
Wolf! Well, for all his staidness and saintly unction,
What teeth he shows!
Were beast equipped for crunching without compunction
Or friends or foes,
What mightier molars, what sharper-pronged incisors
Could he display?

Labour, beware! Some would-be supervisors
Of toil and pay,
Stored Wealth's cool redistributors self-appointed,
Sworn setters-right
Of all in Time's long world-work that seems disjointed,
Untrim, untight,—
Some such, unconscious charlatans, pure fanatics,
Thus only stray,
That in dynamics doubtful, unsure in statics,
They fain would play
The social *deus ex machina*. But, friend Toil,
Wolves watch the fold.
Ware teeth! They mean devouring, and what their spoil,
Ere all is told,
The glib enthusiast wots not. Once have Theft
Enthroned King Stork,
And which of truer treasure will be bereft,
Or Wealth or Work,
Who knows? Sir Wolf in the old old youth-loved story,
Though glib and mild,
"Grandmamma" gone was not so long before he
Devoured the child!

Gas and Water.

THE audience were said to be very unruly at the production of Mr. PINERO's play. We think they showed great self-restraint, or they would have sung "Turn off the Gas at the Meter!" at the point when it is announced that the gas has been out off. Let us hope the water will not be cut off as well, and that very Low Water will not become dry altogether. *Low Waters Run Dry* is scarcely like Lord TENNYSON'S *Brook*, destined to "go on for ever."

SUFFICIENT FOR THE "LAND."—*Jam satis terris*.—GLADSTONE.



THE OLD STORY.

RED RIDING-HOOD (*a Bread-Winner*). "WHAT LARGE EYES YOU'VE GOT!"
THE WOLF. "ALL THE BETTER TO SEE WITH, MY DEAR!"
SHE. "WHAT A WONDERFUL TONGUE YOU'VE GOT!!"
HE. "ALL THE BETTER TO *PERSUADE* YOU, MY DEAR!"
SHE. "BUT—WHAT GREAT BIG TEETH YOU'VE GOT!!!"
HE. "N'YUM! N'YUM!" (*To himself*). "ALL THE BETTER TO *EAT* YOU, MY DEAR!"



THE SLUM-DWELLERS' SATURDAY NIGHT.

(A considerable distance after BURNE.)

My gentle Public, much-respected friend!
 No pastoral pipe the present singer plays:
 Nor birds nor babbling brooks their music lend
 To limpid lines which woo the Critic's praise.
 To you I sing, in sad and sombre lays,
 The pariah's life in Town's sequestered scene,
 The brute emotions strong, the loveless ways,
 What Culture in a Rookery might have been;
 A wonderland of woe to happier hearts I ween.

November chill bites keen through fog and snow,
 The short dim City day is near its close,
 To miry slums from gas-world's cheery glow
 Like bird obscene to sinister repose,
 The worn Slum-dweller to his rookery goes.
 This night his weekly toil is at an end;
 Some scant-scraped coins, one-half of which he owes,
 He hopes in rest and revelry to spend,
 So shivering through the mist his way doth homeward wend.

At length his den-like lair appears in view.
 Beneath its entry doorless, eagerly
 His children crouch, their cheeks with want pinched blue,
 Waiting their sire. With curses frank and free
 Their clamour he rebuffs. Not bonnily
 His consort looks, and with no wifely smile;
 The pallid infant huddled on her knee
 Her heart to tenderness may scarce beguile,
 Or his emburied soul to penury reconcile.

Anon his elder slips come lounging in
 With dragging step and glance cast sullen down,
 Prowlers and touts, alert to cadge or sin,
 Mendicant-pests or ruffian plagues of town.
 His eldest girl, Flash JENNY, woman-grown,
 Her eyes with harpy-avarice fired, some free
 Soiled squalid smartness in her flaunting gown,
 Her coarse hand prompt to clutch dishonour's fee,
 Promise of passing ease and reckless revelry.

With callous scorn brothers and sisters meet,
 With brutal rudeness, or with cynic jeers;
 Or if they talk, lewd patter of the street,
 Or crime's last chronicle is all one hears.
 The parents seek what these, the young in years
 Yet old in vice, of wage or spoil may show
 From toil or theft; the mother checks the tears
 Of hungered babes with cuffs, whilst oaths not few
 The father deals around as admonition due.

O happy Home, where love like this is found!
 O pleasant promise! charm beyond compare!
 The Singer, fancy-winged, pursues life's round,
 And Sentiment has bid the bard declare,
 "If Heaven a draught of real nectar spare
 As cordial in this sad and sombre vale,
 'Tis when a love-knit, marriage-chastened pair
 Survey their progeny in Home's safe pale,
 Beneath their roof-tree gathered, ere their life-pulse fail."

No formal supper crowns their simple board,
 "Board" have they none; they snatch uncertain food,
 Beast-like alone as fortune may afford.
 The pipe, fast comrade of the whole male brood,
 They puff, rank-fumed, in sullen silent mood,
 Or with such talk as the Muse may not tell,
 Not e'en such Muse as SWIFT or RABELAIS wood;
 The slum, grown garrulous, shames the lower Hell
 By the dark Florentine limned so hideously well.

Then in foul corners closely packed away
 The youngling outcasts seek a loathly rest;
 The parent pair their secret homage pay
 To the Drink-Fiend, their solace, scourge, and pest,
 If their joint mites,—community unblest!—
 Permit such common tribute, side by side
 Father, wife, daughter, son, frenzy-possessed,
 In one short orgy of mad zest divide
 What for the slow week's scant subsistence should provide.

From scenes like these our land's dishonour springs.
 With blots like this at home, why look abroad
 For heathen hordes or semi-savage kings
 To coax along the Christian's way to God?

For certes on that self-same heavenly road
 Untutored Caribs might leave far behind
 Our own slum-savages. What sharper goad
 Than survey of these shames of human kind
 Needs there to wake the blandly blundering British mind?

A GREAT DISCOVERY!

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

I AM a born Philanthropist; that is to say, I have been one from my earliest infancy. As a child, I could have said with TENNYSON, had I known the line, "fast flowed the current of my easy tears," at the affecting story of *The Babes in the Wood*; as a youth, I shed them by the pailful over the *Sorrows of Werther*; and in my mature manhood I heartily sympathised with DOUGLAS JERROLD's sensitive friend, who, when his coachman drove over a poor old woman, ordered him to drive on as fast as possible, for her shrieks were far too distressing for his agonising feelings to endure.

Such being the case, Sir, you may easily conceive with what lacerated feelings I perused one of Mr. SIMS' descriptions of "horrible London"—I could not manage more than one—and how eagerly I have read every scheme that has been suggested for the alleviation of its horrors by a more equal distribution of wealth.

The paltry circumstance that my share of this world's goods is comparatively small, has, I need scarcely say, nothing whatever to do with my cordial sympathy with these several patriotic proposals. No, Sir, philanthropy is my guiding star, pure, noble philanthropy. Of course, when some mocking sceptic, knowing that my small savings are safely locked up in Consols, suggested the possibility of relief being sought by what he calmly called the wiping out of the National Debt, I felt it my duty to speak up so strongly for the honour of my beloved country, that my cynical friend was glad to beat a retreat. The simple fact that there is a nice little bit of property in my own neighbourhood, belonging to a very rich man, who cannot possibly want it, but which would just exactly suit me, has, of course, nothing whatever to do with my strong predilection in favour of a re-distribution, but is a mere fortuitous circumstance that I feel myself bound in honour to mention.

The first scheme that I have examined into, is of a very simple and comprehensible nature, namely, that the Land, as it belongs to the People, should be fairly divided among us all, share and share alike; but my objection to this, otherwise very reasonable, proposition would be, that, as there are about twenty-six millions of us in England and Wales, and only about thirty-seven millions of acres of land, my share, as a single man, would be but about an acre and a half, and, as my little bit of freehold might be on Salisbury Plain or on a Welsh Mountain, I should certainly object to this arrangement, unless I had a very early choice.

The next scheme is that of a Mr. GEORGE, who has come all the way from America to teach us how to solve this nice little problem, and, for all that he has contributed towards its solution, he might just as well have stayed away, for a more supremely silly proposal was never submitted to a sane audience. His absurd scheme is that everybody is to pay the same rent as he pays now, but that he must pay it to the State instead of to his Landlord! How is this to relieve the very poor in their distress this American genius does not condescend to inform us, and as to the great body of working men, for whom he expresses such very needless compassion, all the good it would do for them would be to largely cheapen their gin and their tobacco, which most of their true friends, such as myself, who never indulge in either, think to be quite cheap enough already. The silly sop to the disconsolate widows, and the unmanly insult to the QUEEN, I pass by as beneath contempt, but with just the one obvious remark, that, if all widows are to be amply provided for, what sort of life shall we poor bachelors lead, especially if not blessed with remarkably strong constitutions?

No, Sir; these two propositions are alike absurd, and do nothing to alleviate the condition of those who most require assistance. But it does so happen that, after a lengthened and profound and dispassionate consideration of the whole complicated subject, I have evolved, out of my own inner consciousness, a scheme, so simple, and yet so comprehensive in its beneficial effects, that every very poor person, every working man, every toiling Clerk, every care-worn Tradesman, every small Manufacturer, and also, I am happy to say, every brain-worn Journalist or Literary Man, whether inhabiting his comfortable villa, or his small suburban snugger, or his thirty or forty-pounder, in his dull lengthy street, or his three or four decent rooms, or even his one miserable tenement, with its broken window, "that, coarsely patched, gives way to the rude tempest, yet excludes the day," and "its walls so blank, that their shadows they thank for sometimes falling there!"—all these veritable toilers and spinners would, at one fell swoop, as it were, be relieved of their greatest burthen, and be able to look the whole world in the face, with renewed hope, renewed courage, and renewed life! What that great panacea is, I must leave for a future day.

J. LITTOU.

THE GLOSS OF FASHION.

THOUGH the Aristocracy plunge freely into business nowadays, we tremble when we read the following in the *Sussex Daily News* :—

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.—Send 13 Stamps and directed envelope for recipe, cost 3d., whereby Silk Hata, however shabby, may be repeatedly rendered as good as new, to —.

Can it be that a certain Nobleman, famous for his glossy hat, has determined to convert his secret into money, and is willing to make the hats of the world as resplendent as his own, for a consideration? But no, the very thought of such a thing is too awful. Besides, if everybody's hat is immaculate and unruffled, it will be distinguished to wear a head-covering that is shabby, unbrushed and bewrinkled. The "mouldy form" will be a mark of nobility.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—The most sarcastic Diplomatist now living is, we understand, M. DE GIERS.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 172.



"BIRDOFREDUM SAURN;" OR, (BIG) LOWELL TAKING A LITTLE RISE.

BURLY JOHN BULL IS A PATRIOT STOUT,
WHO LOVES HIS OWN "STARS," AND HATES OTHER FOLKS' STRIPES,
BUT WHEN A TRUE EAGLE SOARS SUNWARD, HE'LL SHOUT
FOR THAT RIGHT RARA AVIS 'MID SPARROWS AND SNIPES;
AND JOHN B.
(BRITISHER) HE
SAYS BIGLOW IS THAT SORT OF BIRD TO A T.

DEAR AT THE PRICE.

HERE is a chance for the *parvenu* of the period. The following advertisement appears in the *Times* :—

NOTICE.—The sum of 3,500*l.* will authorise the ADOPTION of the TITLE and RANK of CHEVALIER, or Officier. The production of certificate of birth or passport only required. — Address, —, Paris.

Is it possible that any Briton will be weak enough to send his money to this ingenious gentleman? What on earth is the good of being called Chevalier, or Officier? Better far wear the uniform of the Salvation Army, or the noble garb of the Forester when he goes in all his glory to the Crystal Palace.

A Mystery.

MR. PUNCH has just published his Eighty-fifth Volume at Eighty-five, Fleet Street, and next year will be 1885, and therefore — but, no; we leave this interesting subject for the Astrologers to work out.

THE LATEST CRAZE.

(Letters from a young Gentleman of Fashion who "Adopted the Stage as a Profession.")

MY DEAR DUCHESS,

28, Shrimp Street, Shellford.

So the great PASSWAY-BINKS was actually coming—his special engagement "for one night only" was duly announced in big letters—and his advent was eagerly watched for by us all. I was frightened to death at having to play *Robert Ffolliott* to his *Con*, and my alarm was in no way diminished by the Company, some of whom almost hinted that BINKS would *throttle me* if I didn't "watch it."

PASSWAY BINKS was to arrive from Sloocum-on-the-Slosh by a train reaching Shellford at eleven a.m., and would at once come to the Theatre to rehearse. A deputation, consisting of Messrs. DERWENT-WATER, GARRICK, and SNOW (who I heard were subsequently joined by SPIDER, BONES, and Captain LARDY, the famous Shellford Sand-Niggers) went to meet BINKS at the Station, and I was left with the Ladies of the Company, anxiously awaiting the great man's arrival at the Theatre. He arrived in due course, and made a little speech to Miss POSTER. (Mrs. BINKS had just become a mother for the ninth time. Mr. GARRICK looked at me, as much as to say, "There, now—what did I say to you? Call yourself an Actor; why, you're not even married!") I was much disappointed in Mr. BINKS's appearance; he was a colossal man, he was hot and untidy, and had a faint suspicion, I thought, of gin about him. When rehearsal began, he seemed to me to know nothing about *Con*, and to confuse him generally with all Mr. BOUCAULT's Irish characters. He called me "*Masther Hardress*," and "*O Grady*," and everything but *Robert Ffolliott* (but it was, I think, the hurry and bustle of the journey). It was his "perfect ease" Miss POSTER said she admired so much.

To my intense horror, I found that owing to Mr. BINKS's fearful

weight he couldn't jump off the Prison Wall on to *Harvey Duff's* back, for fear (as the great man put it) of transforming *Harvey Duff* into a poached egg. I was, therefore, requested to change clothes with this monster, inside the Prison Walls, and spring upon *Harvey Duff* myself. This, on the top of that dreadful revolving scene (where I have to hang half out of window, and tip a carpenter half-a-crown never to let go of my leg all the while the scene changes) almost collapsed me. I am no athlete, my dear Duchess, and I really felt I must give it all up if, as a necessary part of what I had understood was Art, I am expected to jump over walls, fire guns, jump down from heights, take headers on to badly-stuffed featherbeds, and so forth. But it was too late to give in now, and so I had to practise the jump. I was more than disappointed in BINKS; he must have weighed at least twenty stone, and he didn't remind me at all of Mr. DION BOUCAULT. I found out subsequently—quite by accident—that he owed Miss POSTER five pounds, and was "working it off." He worked me off the wall by pushing me in the back, so that I came down on *Harvey Duff* unexpectedly, which caused him a good deal of uneasiness later on.

The young lady who played my sweetheart behaved very badly—she got up suddenly from a bench, and it tipped over with *Father Doulan* and a glass of toast-and-water which was meant to represent whiskey. She stood so much in front of me I was forced to push her aside. Her excuse was (for I reported her to Miss POSTER) that she had heard of the death of her Aunt, and had "the toothache."

The costumes were funny—but I did succeed in persuading Mr. GARRICK not to dress *Father Doulan* in a mackintosh. I said I would go myself into the store-room, and try to find something more suitable. I succeeded in getting an old black cloth, used for *Juliet's* coffin, which I draped round him to some effect. When the toast-and-water was spilt all over him he regretted the mackintosh, he said! *Kathleen Macourneen* ended about ten minutes past twelve, but Lady AWBERRY stayed out nobly to the end.



UNLUCKY!

'Bus Driver. "'Twas JUST AT THIS 'ERE NEAR CORNER A OLD GENT WAS A STANDIN', AN' A 'ANSOM COME, AN' THE SHAF' KNOCKED 'IM DOWN AN' KILLED 'IM ON THE SPOT! LEASTWAYS HE WAS TOOK TO THE 'ORSPITAL!'

Passenger. "'TUT-T-T! DEAR ME!'" 'Bus Driver. "'YES, AN' WHAT WAS WUSS, SIR, HE'D JUST 'AILED OUR 'BUS!'"

Thursday morning saw us rehearsing *Hamlet* the Dane. (I think I am getting excellent training for a sort of "WOODEN entertainment"—a few minutes behind a screen, and "Now you have JOE TINKLE the Railway Porter," and that sort of thing.) Mr. DEAWENTWATER was really very funny as *Hamlet*. He considers that "BILL SHAKESPEARE" meant 'Amlet to be a "Low Comedy Merchant," he says!—and a very humorous reading he gave us of the Prince of Denmark.

Saturday was "A Great Popular Night," so the bills said. *British Born* is very much on the lines of *Right is Might*; or, *The Maiden's Prayer*. I was the British Consul at Demerara: I am always followed about by "FAGGLES," the Low Comedian, and I save *George Seymour*, the hero of the piece, from being shot by *Don André de Something*, by enveloping him in the Union Jack, which FAGGLES has most conveniently got concealed up his back. This is the great situation of the play.

In *Dred* I was quite black, and had only to say, "Oh, Massa, me no do dat; me pray for Massa." But, as "Massa" seemed to wish me to obey his orders, and *not* pray, I got thrashed all through the piece, till "Massa" is shot by *Dred*, which I confess I think rather hard lines, after the way I must have worried him all his life.

Dinner at Lady AWBERRY's to-night has been a treat. I kept looking at wonderful Miss POSTER, and thinking, "Dear me, if our calm, dignified old hostess only knew what a week we've had of it!" But we don't tell *everybody*. Lady A. was very pleased at her visit to the Theatre Royal, Shalford, and is coming again. And "I'm to have a salary, Duchess, I'm to have a salary"—(new version of TENNYSON's *May Queen*,—"Call me early, mother dear," &c.). I think I shall get on with Miss POSTER. She is a very clever woman! I hope you won't think I'm becoming dreadfully vulgar! But I like you to know things as they are, and it will interest you, I am sure, to know how those who have chosen to practise this Art as a profession work at playing without any playing at work, and how they begin at the beginning, and how—ah! there it is!—how will it end? We're not all IRVINGS and KENDALS, and so on. Wish we were!

Yours,

HUGO DE B***.

A CERTAIN YET UNCERTAIN CURTAIN.

OUR newest Theatre announces (among other attractions) the possession of an iron Curtain, worked by hydraulic machinery. This is a most valuable histrionic acquisition. Among its various merits we have discovered the following:—

1. Should the water freeze in the cylinders, the Curtain will not be able to go up or down.
2. Should the machinery stick, it will be impossible to raise the Curtain, and the current piece will have to be played in the lobbies.
3. Should the Manager come forward to make a speech, and the Curtain suddenly descend, the Manager's speech will be cut off abruptly.
4. Should a fire occur, the audience will be effectually prevented from using the Stage exits.
5. Should a fire occur, the Actors will equally be prevented from using the exits of the Auditorium.
6. Should a piece prove a disastrous failure, the lowering of the Curtain will prevent the execrations of the spectators from reaching the Stage.
7. Should London be in a state of siege, the Manager can easily render himself bullet-proof.
8. Should the Orchestra play out of tune, the Company can always be spared unnecessary torture between the Acts.
9. Should old iron rise in the market, the Curtain can be disposed of at a fair profit.
10. Should old iron fall in the market, the Curtain can always be lowered, possibly at a fair profit.

These are advantages for which we have long hoped and prayed.

"THAT 's a regular London proverb," said Mrs. RAMSDOTHAM: "I mean 'People who live in Glasshouse Street shouldn't throw stones.' I turned out of Regent Street the other day, and actually found myself in Glasshouse Street. No stones were being thrown, I'm glad to say."

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Example of Payne in the Chest.



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How to get Coaled in the Head.



Cat, ah!



Infalible Cure for Tick.



Influence, Sir!



A Bad Fit of the Blues.

MATCH-MAKING.

[The *Globe*, in an article on Matchmaking, says that "the Professors of this delicate art have fallen rather into disrepute."]

MATCH-MAKING! Ah, it does seem strange
If all our occupation's ended,
If never more we shall arrange,
That man and maiden be befriended,
By kindly sympathetic souls,
Who like to bring young hearts together;
Just as an office now controls,
On paper, changes of the weather.

Young girls we see are often shy,
And men we know are often stupid,
How charming then it is to try
And make them feel the darts of Cupid.
We know that EDWIN longs to woo,
And ANGELINA will not tarry,
How sweet to make their dream come true,
And see they ultimately marry.

There is no fairer task in life
Than seeing with a soul prophetic
How man must always choose a wife;
And since the Ladies are mimetic,
They sometimes choose too, and then man
Must yield, or else he'll rue full surely.
Thus, ever since the world began
The woman rules the roost securely.

Believe us that our rôle will last,
Applauded in all future ages,
We did good service in the past,
As witnessed by historic pages.
Match-making Kings we've often seen
Their daughters teach to conquer shy men,
And many a matrimonial Queen
Has held the nuptial torch for Hymen.

The Stock Exchange in Danger.

A CABMAN was, the other day, brought before SIR THOMAS OWDEN, and charged with creating an obstruction. The driver excused himself, on the ground that, if he had driven on, he would have run down several Stock Exchange Gentlemen. SIR THOMAS said, "If he were a Cabman, he would not stop on account of these knots of Gentlemen, but would drive on and disperse them." Let us hope this advice will be acted upon with due caution, or it may be a bad job for Stock-jobbers, and Stock-brokers may get broken if this principle is thoroughly carried out. After these words of Civic wisdom, probably the Accident Insurance Companies will charge special rates for the insurance of members of the Stock Exchange.

PHILIPPE CHEZ ALPHONSE.

(Leaves from a Pretender's Note-Book.)

First Leaf—a Fly One.—Kind and considerate of ALPHONSE, after all, to remember we are cousins, though the *Almanach de Gotha* only knows what "remove" he can be. And he's been a Pretender himself, and knows what a helping hand is to a fellow in that position. It's such a tremendous pull to be recognised, when everybody about you is making believe you are only plain Mr. PHILIPPE ORLEANS, ex-Colonel of Cavalry, and innocent Author of a big book about America. It will pose me to be received at a real Bourbon Court; and I can turn round to France, and say, "There, you see; there's the kind of prestige your PHILIPPE SEPT would bring you; look at GRÉVY's poor relations, in comparison." And then he had promised to show me a few of those practical Kingly dodges, a sort of Macchiavellian Prince in a guillotine collar—of which, unhappily, I have no experience.

Second Leaf—a Rose One.—How wise I was to come! The little demonstration at the Station wasn't altogether everything a loyal Frenchman could wish, but the newspapers have been full of me ever since, and, if truth must be spoken, they had recently contracted a horrid habit of altogether ignoring me. There was that unpleasant anecdote of AURÉLIEN SCHOLL going about: "*Comte de Paris? Connais pas*"—and it was a distinct relief to have sentinels presenting arms, and station-masters putting on white gloves and

cravats, and the red carpet laid down at Madrid, and a live King to kiss one on the platform! I am remembering all my nice courtly ways; the Grandees are delightful, and the Queen isn't a bit jealous of the Comtesse.

Third Leaf—a Sere One.—But oh, that Cabinet Council, at which I was allowed to assist, to see how it's done! ALPHONSE's a plucky little fellow, but he really didn't look like anybody worth mentioning in the midst of his Ministers; and when he omitted that idea of an English alliance against the forces of Socialism, SAGASTA openly told him he hoped His Majesty would remember they had met to talk common sense. And then two conspiracies discovered the day before, and the Queen has a headache in her bedroom because we looked twice through the opera-glass at the ballet last night.

Fourth Leaf—a Yellow One.—Ah, now, *par exemple*! Two crises in one day: and we mustn't go to Granada because the faithful bombardiers are likely to throw shells at their Sovereign, and MONTEPERSIER, my own father-in-law, is supposed to be plotting with CANOVAS CASTILLO, while ZORILLA is said to be waiting at the frontier with dynamite. ALPHONSE says this is nothing—only the ordinary course of things; but—

Fifth Leaf—a Fallen One.—But I think I'll remain Pretender just a little while longer; and I wouldn't mind saying good-bye to ALPHONSE and Spain if there were a port or frontier town where they're not prone to shooting Princes. I really wish those Paris papers wouldn't make such a noise about my being here. Why can't a poor simple Citizen travel privately?

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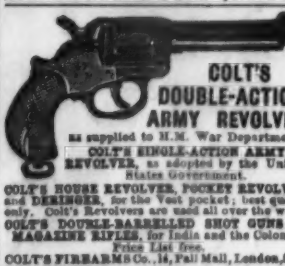
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